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THE EMINENTLY SILENT AND CAUTIOUS MANNER IN WHICH MARSHAL RYNDERS PROCEEDED TO ARREST FOWLER.

PITY THE POOR POLICE.

Inspector FOULK got his back up, and by so doing got his name up. Inspector FOULKE is literally the topic of the Week. Singular to say, Inspector FOULK'S men, when called upon at Willetts' Point, were not found wanting. There they were armed to the teeth—a club and brace of revolvers apiece. Why? Because bloody work was before them; because they were to shoot, maim, and kill, if possible, anybody and everybody whom they chanced to meet—in obedience to the fearfully profane mandates of the habitually profane FOLKE. Yes! but they were going to suppress a brutal prize fight and arrest disturbers of the Long Island peace.

Oh! they were, were they! All very nice! And that is the way to do it, too, isn't it? The law of course expects that policemen will club, knock down and all but kill not only the participants in, but also the necessary hangers-on to a row or disturbance, of any kind. This is a part of an M. P's duty—isn't it? Suppose you see a crowd collected in Broadway; you, with a laudable desire to know what's going on, stop. Very well! You are straining your eyes and standing on tip-toe to gain a peep at the seditionist, when pop! up from somewhere starts a policeman or may be policemen on the half-dozen shell. Piff! paff! clump! bang! Szwip! you go down. You are kicked, battered, bruised and lamed. You cry for mercy, but in vain. You beg for your life, it's no go! You only wish that they would drag you off to the Station House at once: not they. They are quelling a disturbance. Other bystanders share a like fate with you. The lucky ones run and by so doing become targets for sundry revolvers. This is how the majesty of the law is vindicated. What right have you to complain? What business had you to become a mere looker-on! Go to! do you think we poor tax-payers keep 1,200 policemen, year in and year out, drilling with clubs and pistols, going on target excursions and aping military companies, for nothing at all? Nonsense! They must have some opportunities for displaying their prowess and efficiency. Who cares for your brokenbones and sore head? NOT they You are not worthy of arrest, but you are a good subject for broken-skull practice. So hold your peace. No more complaints about FOLKE and his raid at Willetts Point. Besides you might have been a brute yourself; you might have been a rowdy; the inference is that you were—else how could a fight occur so near you! Say?

Side-Splitting Humors of the Rail-Splitters.

In a report of the Republican Ratification meeting at Washington, last month, we discover that—

"Mr. ALDRICH, of Minnesota, made a very humorous speech, pulling off his coat and rolling up his sleeves, and saying that he could not work with his coat on. He pledged the Northwest for LINCOLN, *having mauled rails with him in Illinois.* He intended to support him with all his power. They were going to send him to the White House on the fourth of March next, and that *Old Skeesicks* there had better get ready to clear out." (Cheers and laughter.)

The accomplished Mr. ALDRICH is indeed the man for the Republican Money—Two Shillings, we believe. Aside from the evidence it gave of his good breeding, the fact of his "pulling off his coat and rolling up his sleeves" proves that he considers the Chicago Jordan "a hard road to travel." If, indeed, the Northwest did at any time "maul rails" with "Honest old ABE," it would not be surprising if it continued to stand by him.

President OLD SKEESICKS will doubtless feel flattered by the timely notice given him to quit when his month is up, and change Quarters with him of Split-Rail Notoriety. Oh! oh! ALDRICH! what a funny man you are, to be sure! SKEESICKS! ha! ha! Two SHILLINGS! ha! ha! he! he!

Change Wanted.

Too the gentilmen whot had a hand Intoo It Surs itt semes how as iff ude made a meestak in nomynatin mister hamLynn along weth the 2/ candyDate.

Burds of a fether flocs Together, yu No & figgurs wunt ly So Its ese cein i 0 too hev bin putt on To that ticket Insted of Himm ime redde fur the chaenje,

Ures And So ¼,

The 4 ct. man.

Was she really a female?

A moral newspaper, printed in the country, announces the "Arrest of a Female Confidence Woman!"

"Peasant Clay."

(Probably) Terra Cotter.

A Laughing Stock.

The Company now at Laura Keene's.

A TROTTING-MATCH.

OPINIONS OF "THE UNDERSIGNED."

WENT to see PATCHEN and ETHAN ALLEN do their second trot on Union Course for $1,000 a side, last week. I was going up Broadway, when I overtook BILLY.

"What are you at, to-day!" said he.

"I'm at nothing," said I.

"Come go to the trot," said he.

"I'm blessed if I don't," said I.

So we went.

CHARLEY joined us, and we took the cars of the Long Island Railroad, for Union Course. There was no end of a long train, crowded a great deal too full for anything like comfort, with not a female erson in the whole crowd. All men. Mostly sporting-men, with ed moustaches, kid gloves, concealed weapons, and pearl-colored ntaloons. Some fighters. Short, stocky fellows, with small, d, round heads, close-cropped hair, and very little shirt-collar sible. Not nice persons to invite to tea in the bosom of your mily. I didn't invite any of them to tea in the bosom of my family. Then there were many nondescript individuals, bearing no evidence belonging to any particular class. Thin men, with light eyes, ho looked as if they might be afraid of horses, and whose costume nsisted principally of a linen duster, trousers a good deal too short r them, and a large quid of tobacco in the right cheek.

I don't like the Long Island Railroad. I am not particularly mid, but I confess that the tunnel in Atlantic street is one too oany for me. It is awfully dark in there, and the smoke of the ngine is so confined that it enters the cars and makes itself painully familiar with a fellow's eyes and nose. The seats were all ll, so I stood up, near the end of the car, and smoked vigorously, keep my courage up. Thick blackness surrounded me. A hot nd pungently sulphurous smoke encompassed me. I could hear dull voices buzzing around me, mingled with the clank-rattle-and-crash of the train. I could see nothing but the lights of cigars ere and there, glowing fitfully, red and feverish as the "love-lances from unlovely eyes," spoken of by the late MR. KEATS, and hen disappearing under their ashes, like so many unsuccessful hœnixes. It was dreadful. I am not familiar with the scenery f the infernal regions, but if it is any worse than that,

"I want to be an angel!"

As we went up the grade, very slowly—for the train was heavy and the engine insufficient—I noticed that the windows of the houses were full of heads. The race-train is evidently a popular pectacle with the Brooklynites, a fact which surprised me, for I ad thought that they did nothing in that city but go to church. found, however, that a great many pretty girls live in Atlantic treet, and like to look at race-trains. Likewise, a great many omely ones, who ditto to ditto at ditto. When we reached the level part of the road, we steamed up like a tea-kettle, left the girls behind us, whisked past some nice country-seats that I shall buy when my ships come from sea, and so on to the Union Course.

The Union is Preserved by a high board fence, all around it, with a little door where they sell tickets, on the side where the train stops. Awful crowd about that little door. Only one little door to ver so many people. CHARLEY was a thin man, however, and he contrived to insinuate himself in through the crowd, to procure the ke-ards. When he came out, he looked like a gentleman who had inadvertently tampered with the affections of a rolling-mill, and had gone through its embrace. He had the imprint of a light-weight jockey all the way up his left side. What was better, he had three tickets; but the crowd was so dense that we didn't hurry to get in, so we amused ourselves by watching a measly-looking gentleman, arrayed in a white hat and pimples, who had a small board before him, on which he was playing Spanish monte—that cheerful but profitless little feat, done with three cards, chucked back and forth till none of them are in any particular place. This speculator had a "pal," elaborately gotten up to resemble a countryman, who won and lost in a very plausible way, to induce others to try it, but business seemed dull.

When the crowd thinned, we entered the enclosure, and sought the stand opposite the judges' place. I don't see why the proprietors of Union Course can't provide something—if only a rough bench—for a fellow to sit down on, when he pays a dollar for his admission. My friends NIXON, STEWART, LAURA KEENE, WALLACK, and the rest, give me a cushioned seat, a floor, a roof, gas-light, play-bills, and music, for half the money. But the racing folks don't seem to care anything for my comfort. For my dollar, they only give me some steps to stand up on, if I like. If I don't, I can stand on the ground, and be d—— iscomforted!

At the foot of these steps, very properly called a "Stand," were several young gentleman, seated at tables covered with oilcloth, painted with squares and numbers, some marked "blank." On one of these, a stool-pigeon was winning rapidly. He threw dice, and the table-keeper added up the number thrown with surprising celerity,—"Six 'n' three's nine, 'n' two's 'leven, 'n' eight's nineteen; nineteen wins!" Whereupon sharp No. 2, who was pretending to play, gathered up his half-dollars in an excited and hilarious manner, and a gentleman from the flowery vales of Orange and Herkimer went a quarter on it. "Two 'n' two's four 'n' six's ten 'n' three's thirteen. Thirteen's a blank!" cried the proprietor. The rustic's face was a blank, too, as he saw his quarter disappear.

When this became monotonous, we went into a little bar, under the stand, that had "JOHN C. HEENAN" over the door, and drank some very flat ale, made still flatter by having ice in it. As we emerged, feeling like swill-fed cows, we observed an excessively shiny horse, attached to a little rattle-trap made of small sticks and large wheels. On this sat a stout man in his shirtsleeves, driving leisurely to and fro. They didn't give us any bill of the show, but by listening to the talk, we learned that this was ETHAN ALLEN—not the man, but the horse. I wish I was as handsome as ETHAN. All sinew and nerve, and as graceful as the ZOYARA. After a brief look at him, BILLY felt a little inclined to bet on him, but I had no desire to risk my very small change. PATCHEN now appeared also, looking, if possible, a little better than ETHAN, and both were driven up and down, half-an-hour, to warm them up.

Some fat old buffers who had a nice, airy, roomy cupola all to themselves, with seats in it (how I wished I was a fat old buffer!) then struck a bell for the third time, and the nags came down together at what the boys rather inelegantly call a "rip-staving" gait. The judge shouted "Go!" but it was no go—they didn't start even—so they went back, and getting the word properly, went off like a couple of dark bay locomotives. ETHAN broke badly, just after the start, and lost ground by it, but still contrived to hold his own pretty well. Before I had time to turn twice around, they came thundering down the home-stretch so fast that nothing but the white shirtsleeves of ALLEN's driver were visible. Just at the score, I saw that he was nearly a length behind. BILLY didn't feel so much inclined to bet on him, as formerly. The crowd cheered and applauded as if each individual therein was sole proprietor of PATCHEN; the judge displayed a black-board with the figures 2.27 1-4 thereon, and everybody went to liquor.

The next heat was pretty much the same, but the time was 2.26—considered rather a big thing in sporting circles. During its performance, a little episode occurred that was eminently calculated to amuse and instruct at the same time, like PETER PARLEY's travels, or WORCESTER's Illustrated Dictionary.

The space inside the track is devoted to vehicles, and around the judges' stand were gathered several carriages containing female persons, dressed like ladies, only a good deal more so. These crinolinities were enjoying themselves greatly with hampers of lunch, and mysterious black bottles with tin foil on their corks, and were the centres of attraction to several small clusters of the masculine persuasion. In one carriage, a red-faced, bald-pated man, of more than middle age, but with a suspiciously raven beard, had made himself quite at home, when a young fellow, who had been standing on the wheel, got into a quarrel with him, and tried to eradicate him from his position. Old gentleman wouldn't be eradicated. High words and Low words. Scuffle. Young gentleman choked Old gentleman. Old gentleman struck Young gentleman. Crowd, now swelled to several hundred, became uproarious. Grand confusion and general melée in the carriage. Bonnets smashed. Dresses torn. Bottles broken. Prospects of a splendid row, but unfortunately, somebody originated a new fight in the crowd, and the point of attraction being removed, the carriage drove off, bearing away the Old gentleman, minus his hat and shirt-buttons, but consoled by two damsels in green dresses. As all eyes were occupied

with the second fight, and with the horses, just coming in on the home stretch

They all exclaimed, "let the old gentleman go!"

The fighting was soon over, without anybody having been seriously killed, and the people again gathered about the stands to see the third heat. BILLY thought that ETHAN would be permitted to win this, but I, knowing nothing about it, shook my head sagaciously, and said "no." The "sequel demonstrated," as MR. PRYOR would say, and PATCHEN came off victorious again, in 2.31. The crowd dispersed, and by waiting for the third train, we were lucky enough to get seats. I took a great—though by no means lively—pleasure in sleeping all the way to South Ferry, and decided that it was pretty good fun to see a trotting-match; but I advise you not to go, unless you want to get very tired. At least, such is the opinion of

The Undersigned.

A CHANCE FOR CAPITALISTS.

At last, it seems as if we poor metropolitan citizens, the worst bullied, badgered and baited people in the world, were about to be enabled to travel about our own city with some degree of comfort. The want of facility we now suffer, for going from any one given point to another, is dreadfully perfect. The stupid great lumbering, thundering humbug of an omnibus, and dirty extortion-trap of a hackney-coach, have held undisputed sway for years and years, but now we have reason to hope that their

——reign is almost over,

and that the Commissioners of the Central Park have merited the blessing of whole generations of city travellers.

In order to provide for the proper and comfortable enjoyment of that pleasure-ground of Magnificent Distances the Commissioners have ordered the construction of Cabs, thus described in the contracts:—

"The floor to stand not more than twelve inches above the road, the interior adapted to contain not less than two or more than four persons, and to be provided with a cover which may be opened or closed in front at the option of those within, and with an outside seat for the driver. To be neat, strong, and convenient; each to be drawn by one horse."

These, when on service, are to be subject to the following rules:

"The horses to be sound, without vice; drivers to be men of good moral character, and required to be sober and courteous to all persons when on the Park; to be dismissed when reported for fault or want of skill and attention to their duties, by the Superintendent of the Park; the vehicles and harnesses to be kept neat and in good repair; the drivers to be neatly dressed, and to wear a badge and number; the horses to appear well groomed whenever on the Park."

What a paradisaical state of things for a man who has been accustomed to the unclean crowd and strap-suspension of the horse-cars; the dirty straw and gymnastic fare-paying of the omnibusses, and the brutal extortion of the hack-drivers! It is easy to foresee that when we have once tasted the fascinations of the Cab, we shall never be satisfied to have their sphere confined to the Park, but will insist upon their adoption for general use throughout the city.

If the owners of omnibus and hack lines were smart—which they are not, apparently—they would seize upon the idea immediately, and invest their money in Cabs, instead of building more of the machines of torture they now use; thus getting the start of an opposition that is sure to arise. Why should we be longer bored by the crowded car, the odious omnibus, and the hated hack, when more money might be made out of the convenient and commodious Cab? We honestly believe that the Age of Cabs would begin to-morrow, were not our vehicular speculators troubled with heads of Cabb-age!

Strange.

That FOWLER could have embezzled when OLD BUCK had such a HOLT over him.

DYING TO BE MARTYRED.

Now, THADDEUS, my boy, what is the matter with you? Arn't you sufficiently unfortunate? Don't the members of Congress invent any new persecutions? Is there no chance of their sending round a basket and a carving-knife, with a polite request that you will favor them with your hallowed head? Or won't they ask you to step up stairs and take a final drop? Won't they? Fie upon them! Shame! This is really too bad—after all you went and did to earn it! Isn't it provoking? Oh! if you were only in Virginia! How nice it would be! No dilly-dallying there! No chilly indifference to a man's wishes! All is fuss and feathers! Regular JOHN BROWN style. Oh! it is a great pity you are not there, instead of pining away in the Washington Bastile. How delighted Governor WISE would be to Raise your Spirits—have you more than one, though? There you would, for once, have Full Swing! Cheer up, THADDY! A good time is coming! By-the-bye, do you know what a funny question WENDELL PHILLIPS asked a meeting at Cooper Union the other day?

This was it:

"Must THADDEUS HYATT die?
"Must THADDEUS HYATT die?
"Then forty thousand New York Boys
"Shall know the reason why!"

Why, of course you must die, THADDY; every man must. There is no such thing as disappointing the Sexton. If the forty thousand inquisitive New York boys *will* know *why*, why most likely it is because you want to—have got to—cannot help yourself and will die.

Oh! your time will come yet, my boy! You were cut out for a martyr. Don't worry and fret. JOHN BROWN did for the coming Presidential Election, and very likely they are only saving you over for the next.

But seriously, THADDY, you remind me of the Irishman asking if "ony gintleman 'll hev' the perliteness to tread on the tail o' me coat, to oblige me?" You want to fight, and you can't; you want to become a martyr, and you can't; you want to make a fool of yourself, and you do. Yours,

PUBLIC OPINION.

The Hospitable Shores sighed for by the Japanese.
The Lee-lands

DISTINCTION

BOBBS.—*Well,* NOBBS, *how do you like the Play?*

NOBBS.—*Aha-a how do you suppose a fellah can look at the Play when all the opewa glasses in the house are on him?*

OUR RURAL POLICE REPORT.

THE following condensed account of a fierce engagement between the police of Brooklyn and a miscellaneous party of persons, representing the community in general, is compiled from the notes of our ubiquitous reporter, who was on the spot and elsewere, with a view to the matter in hand, and all things appertaining to it and otherwise.

At early dawn on the morning of Saturday, 2d June, it was evident that something was going on, somewhere. The road to Willett's Point, a delightful rustic locality, some dozen miles from Brooklyn, was lined by Inspector FOULK with a heavy squad of armed police. Approaching the left wing of the squad, which rested upon a red barn, we mildly asked for such general information as might enable us to compile a head line for our report. The left wing of the squad replied by opening fire upon us from six revolvers, and a curser attached to the force. The bullets, wildly discharged, flew harmlessly past us, and killed a cow in the field beyond. With regard to the oaths, we were less fortunate. One of them, flashing by like nothing we know of, singed the ribbon clean off our hat and reduced it to ashes. Glancing from thence upon the dead cow, it took the skin off it with rather more than twice the facility of a lightning express taxidermist, and hung it on the fence to dry. Seeing this, we also thought it better for us to "dry up," which we did, sitting upon the fence.

From physiognomies, alone, we could now hope to gather our facts. Men of a mild type came straggling along the road. Men who evidently had suffered much in the cause of righteousness—especially as to the orbicular muscle around the eyelids, the epidermis of which, in many of them was discolored. We were now convinced that a Methodist Conference was the order of the morning, and that the police had been placed there to prevent the interference of Episcopal clergymen and other obnoxious characters.

Presently, our convictions endured a reverse. The mild type of man with the suffering eyes, and in many instances the abridged nose, had passed noiselessly away, exchanging smiles of intelligence with the police as it vanished. To this type succeeded several of an inferior character, as was evident from their being unknown to and, in general, knocked down and kicked by the police. A few lines from the *Tribune* reporter will give a slight idea of the scene:

"A man with a water-bucket in his hand, who was walking away as fast as he could, was followed by an officer who struck him from behind a violent blow in the back of the head with his club, stretching him on the ground; having done which, the officer left him, without taking him into custody, or seeming to desire to do so. A countryman, who was driving along the road which ran near, was struck while in his wagon by a policeman, and his head laid open to the skull. This work went on till the ground was cleared."

As a number of other rural looking men, none of whom were carrying water-buckets or riding in wagons, were now promiscuously pitched into and trampled under foot by the police, we were puzzled with regard to the character of the offence committed—but were inclined to think that it must be agriculture.

Ah! no, we see it all now. Adown the road there comes a person of the undoubted pugilistic type—there is a fight going on, somewhere, the police have been planted here to stop it, and this is one of the "roughs" who has inadvertently fallen among them, as he meditates escape. Look at him—is he not of the true "sporting man" stripe to a dot? Head bald where his hat has come off it—straight-collared, long frock coat of a rusty black—trowsers shorter in proportion and with more rust to the black—hard, white cravat, which has no apparent connection with any part of his person or clothing—spectacles—thick, brown shoes—thick, brown book, probably for the registry of his bets and other immoralities. Hardened miscreant! he smiles, and forgets to curse, while three lusty constables fire into and floor and dance upon him. He is doubtless where he ought to be, now, in some criminal cage of Brooklyn. As for the good men—the men with suffering eyes and noses generally abridged, it was pleasure for us to see so many of them on the following blessed Sabbath day, sunning themselves by corners in Broome-street, or picking their teeth with large knives, on the steps of the most respectable-looking hotels.

Republican Delicacy of the Season.

Rail Birds.

"FOUND DROWNED."

In certain places, where the tides of our bays and rivers are obstructed—be it by blackened and worm-eaten piers, under which floats the rubbish of long accumulation—a soft and podgy mass; or be it by tangled sedge and water-weeds, slimily dangling among green, scummy net-stakes by the shore—there lie certain dark bodies, ghastly in the moonlight and loathsome in the sun.

Bodies with shreds of garments clinging to them; with hair floating upon the surface of the waves; with white, soaked limbs and faces, half visible through the translucent water; bodies of men, of women, and of children.

In every newspaper, every morning, we read the words "FOUND DROWNED" at the head of paragraphs. A freshet, or a wind, disturbing the rubbish of the piers and shores, permits these poor remnants of humanity to drift out into the stream, where they are seen by boatmen and taken to land to lie unrecognized in the Dead-House for a few days, and then to be interred in Potter's Field.

And every newspaper, every morning, contains advertisements of persons who have "Mysteriously Disappeared;" men, women, and children—the strength, the sweetness, or the hope of homes, somewhere in city or in country. They go out from their thresholds in the morning for business or for enjoyment, and never come back again. Rewards may be offered, but no one claims them. Information may be advertised, but no one furnishes it. In truth, no one seems to care anything about it.

Meanwhile, the stars look down silently upon the dark, distorted mass that lies among the weedy net-stakes, and the great Babylon city goes on as ever, with its roar of wheels and clatter of feet—the whirl and hum of its machinery—the smoke of its thousand chimneys, blackening the sky; each man seeking only to follow his own beaten path, and caring nothing for what befalls his neighbor.

The horrid tales that might be told by the long, silent docks of the city, and the wide, dreary flats of the country, no one knows. The fearful episodes of crime that lie between the announcements of "Mysteriously Disappeared," and "Found Drowned" in the morning papers remain all unrevealed. The dead crash of the bludgeon and the stifled cry of the victim sound alike unheard on the air of night.

But can nothing be done to lessen this terrible mortality, that seems almost an epidemic? Must these occurrences be every-day affairs, to increase with the growth of the metropolis? Have we really then no guardians, no protectors to penetrate these mysteries and prevent their constant recurrence? Or shall we always go on thus, with inane coroners and ignorant juries, who can only decide that a corpse is dead, and that death was caused by "some means to the jury unknown?" Will our useless detective police-force, too, always be satisfied with such verdicts, and let the matter rest there?

The coroner is satisfied with his fees; the officer with his salary, and the authorities with their reports; but who shall satisfy those that sit by darkened firesides, weeping wearily, and waiting for the coming of dear ones who will never come—whose bodies drift slowly, submerged and weed-entangled, down the river to the sea, with only a chance even of being "Found Drowned?"

Republican Stump Requisites.

A big FIELD, a little NOYES, and get NYE if possible.

A GENEROUS FELLOW.

We have just received an epistle from that powerful tragedian, David Garrick Gazzer Esq., which we think cannot be better treated than published entire. Mr. Gazzer is an actor of immense talent, having frequently been compared, by his friends, to Forrest, Macready, Talma and Neafie, but from an innate modesty, as his letter will show, has heretofore kept rather in the back-ground. We trust that his appeal to the press for a fair show will be answered :

GENTLEMEN :—It may be barely possible that in the multitudinous duties connected with that mighty engine, the press, my cognomen and fame may have escaped your notice. May I therefore suggest that I am the same professional gentleman whose name, through several triumphant seasons, has adorned the bills, when there was any, of the Little Ressepolis Varieties. At this establishment I was engaged for general utility, and flatter myself that I did it, whenever I had a chance. I have also had the honor of doing second walking gentleman, and third old man, at The Tinicum Dramatic Temple, though a perpetual and instinctive whispering at my heart taught me, gentlemen, that some unseen attempts were continually made by unseen enemies to crush my greatest efforts. At last, gentlemen, I have risen superior to the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, and having drawn a prize of exactly $5000, less discount twelve and a half per cent, in the Havana lottery, for which I was fortunate enough to receive an eighth ticket in payment of arrears of salary, No. 2247, I have determined to make my talent apparent to the world. To this end, gentlemen, I have taken the commodious house No. 2813 Twenty-Second Avenue, which I have fitted up in a suitable manner, and have laid in a stock of wines, liquors and pleasant edibles to match, for the express purpose of convincing the dramatic critics of the press, that I am the greatest living actor. To achieve this, I shall endeavor to make my *cuisine* perfect, and my selections of fluids unimpeachable, to say nothing of always keeping on hand a neat assortment of trifles, such as gold-headed canes, watch guards, seal rings with mottos inscribed, gold pencils and various useful and ornamental articles of a presentable style. I have provided myself with an entirely new and original play in five acts, pronounced by able critics the masterpiece of the age, and for which I presented the author the munificent sum of twenty-five dollars. In this I shall make my first appearance in this city, after making the acquaintance of the critics, which appearance will, as I know, be hailed by the public as a new dawning of the Drama. May I ask, gentlemen, that you will mention this little fact, as well as my above address, to your friends of the press, begging them not to await especial introductions, and allow me to remain, gentlemen, Your Obedient Servant,

DAVID GARRICK GAZZER.

HOW THE TRIBUNE REPORTER GOT INTO A GOOD THING.

There is a vulgar expression—and such an one VANITY FAIR is, as VANITY FAIR trusts, altogether too fastidious, to use—there is an expression—*vulgariter* "cutting it fat"—which in the varnished vernacular of the reporters may be rendered "excising it pingueously"—and that is just what the jolly young gentleman who represents the *Tribune* in the sacred presence of The Great Japanese Plenipotentiaries has been doing. We call the attention of Mr. HORACE GREELEY to the out-and-out Bacchanalian way in which the Tribunling has been going on—taking something with MOROOTA OKATORO, smiling with ISHEKAWA KAINGKISHE, crooking his elbow with YORIDA SAGOSIEMON, imbibing modest quenches with TATAIESI ONAJSERO, and moistening his clay with JOSIGERO, SINJERO and SCOJERO who are reported by him to be "three exceedingly merry men." To say nothing of the tobacco he smoked with the whole dissipated tribe, Mr. GREELEY; and the opium which he chewed with them, Mr. GREELEY; and the still more deadly tea which he swallowed with them, Mr. GREELEY; and "the Sirooko" which he would take, though it made him feel very unwell, Mr. GREELEY! That young man, O. HORATIUS, will return to you, if he returns at all, in a physical condition frightful to anticipate. He will have no Stomach. No Head. No Lungs. No Alimentary Canal. No Morals. No Love for the Colored Race. He will eat with chop-sticks. He will wear a Tail. He will be the Ornament of the Office, but in the nobler quality of "Our Own," he will be ruined. See what he has already done, if we may trust his description of "A Day at WILLARD'S."

Imprimis, he smoked!

Secondly, he drank tea!!

Thirdly, he swallowed "Sirooko," after which he talked Japanese with the velocity of "a dem'd native!!!"

Fourthly, he drank "Saki," which is Japanese for A Gin Cocktail, Mr. GREELEY!!!!

We can easily imagine the effect of these hideous excesses upon the stomach, the head, and the legs of that infatuated youth. We cannot be too grateful when we learn that he did not borrow of the obliging MOROOTA OKATORO, Esq., a Sword of the Country; and then run A Muck through Pennsylvania Avenue, slaughtering Senators, ripping up Representatives, stabbing Secretaries, making fearful havoc wherever he staggered. That is what he would have done, if his taste for blood had been at all equal to his taste for tea. As it was, he found a harmless vent in inkshed. He began, with consummate and unapproachable elegance, to write of "the charms of Eastern grace and delicacy, of refinements artless and unsullied, of placid courtesy that knows no perturbation." That is what a gentle "snifter" of "Saki" did for "Our Own."

VANITY FAIR sees how it is. VANITY FAIR will hereafter furnish unlimited Saki and Sirooko to its contributers. The Den will be fitted up as a Divan. Tea always on the table. Japanese tobacco of our own importation, at discretion. The Sirooko kettle always on the hob. The Saki bottle always hospitably uncorked. Our Boy will hereafter be called and known as ISHEKAWA KAINGKISHE, or for shortness, ISH. The decorations will be rigorously appropriate. Javelins, Helmets, Brass Swords, Fans. O, VANITY FAIR can do it, when VANITY FAIR tries. "The purple brilliancy of our robes of state" will be the wonder of Nassau street; and when we lean back, *a la Japonaise*, the present reader had very much better believe that "an ample armchair will engulf our slender form." Our "rich trowsers" will "expand like folds of feminine raiment." Our feet will be "neatly sandaled." Our "robes of light blue crape will float and swell like the thin smoke that surrounds them." "In our belt"—the champion's, if we can get it—will "repose the short sword of dignity" which will "prove the wearer's noble rank." Every morning will be devoted to the exenteration of rival editors. Every evening will be devoted to the Saki bottle. In due season VANITY FAIR will be printed on Japanese type, and illustrated by Japanese artists.

For not to conceal it any longer we have engaged

YOSIDA SAGOSAIEMEN

the amateur Japanese Artist. We have paid him in advance in Spanish dollars, and when we paid him, to use the beautiful language of the *Tribune* "a smile irradiated his fine features." He has already finished his first work. It is

THE VANITY FAIR DIVAN AS IT WILL BE.

Important Correction.

We are authorized to peremptorily deny the report that Honest Old ABE will charge two-shillings apiece to all persons desiring to vote for him in November next.

Fit accompaniment to Sea Biscuit.

Port Wine.

FRIGHTFUL APPEARANCE PRESENTED BY MASTER GUS WHO IS WHILING AWAY A TERM OF SOLITARY CONFINEMENT IN THE LIBRARY, AND IMPROVING REMINISCENCES OF THE CIRCUS BY THE PERFORMANCE OF SUNDRY "MUSCULAR WONDERS."

LETTER FROM A JOLLY DOG.

DEAR VANITY FAIR:

I am a Jolly Dog. You, who are all the time occupied with human affairs, may not sympathize very deeply with me, but human affairs are nothing to the glorified and ecstatic state in which I now find myself.

I am not the "Dog of an Indian Dye" recently advertised by one of the sensation-story papers; I am a smart little black-and-tan terrier, of good birth and education, and always my "Bark-is willin'," as a great novelist once wrote. Not being Indian, however, I will not write on my Bark, but on the cause of my present jollity.

Heretofore, I have always had a horror of June. I am aware that June is the month of roses, but it is the month of thorns also, for me and to my kind, for then is an edict issued against our lives, liberty, and pursuit of happiness." Some of us have been unfortunate as to be attacked by that awful disease, the hydrophobia, during the summer, and therefore numbers of us—all, in fact, who were found without muzzles—were ruthlessly taken to the Pound, and after being kept a day, for recognition and rescue which rarely came, were drowned without mercy by the odious man who, in obedience to POOR RICHARD'S maxim, "takes care of the pounds."

Think of it! The street-boys used to kidnap us (they never caught this Kid Napping, though!) and get fifty cents a head for us—us, who never got fifty cents ahead in all our lives—and hundreds, aye, thousands of us were made to suffer a death, the very thought of which ought to make any sensible dog hate water forever. Now, as *hydro* means water, and *phobia* hate, don't you think it was unphilosophical to drown a fellow's friends and relatives to keep him from hydrophobia? I do. I believe it was a weak invention of a homœpathic enemy, who followed the principle—or want of principle—that "like cures like!"

But this year, my dear V. F., you must congratulate me. *Nous avons changé tout cela*, as a friend of mine, a French Spaniel, used to say. This summer, the authorities pay only twenty-five cents a head for dogs delivered at the Pound (queer, isn't it, this buying dogs by the Pound?) and none are taken from boys. *Gloria in excelsis!* Am I not happy? Surely, no well-bred dog, of respectable connections, will ever risk being caught by the men employed for that purpose; and as for the superfluous population, the common, vulgar brutes, of no value either for use or ornament, I think they had much best be suppressed.

In this way, the Pound becomes a good institution, encouraging the keeping of good dogs only, and thinning out the worthless breeds. Don't you think it would be a good thing if a Pound and drowning-tank could be inaugurated for the whelps, curs, and puppies of the genus *homo*, that abound in New York? It ought to be done at once—though it might be rather expensive, for I have heard of as much as two hundred dollars being paid for a common Alderman. Perhaps the old system formerly pursued with other dogs—that of knocking them on the head anywhere, in the street, or wherever found—might be cheaper and more efficacious.

With this expression and these suggestions, I remain yours, from tip to tip,

A JOLLY DOG.

Is it Possible!

We have the best authority for stating that the Hon. A. SCHELL *did not* take drinks with any prominent friend of Mr. Douglas at the late Douglas meeting at the Cooper Institute. Though we are not aware that Mr. SCHELL is a Maine Law man we have good reason for the belief that he is not in the habit of taking drinks. —*Tribune.*

We feel ourselves called upon to announce that H. G. did not eat cucumbers with any prominent friend of Mr. RAYMOND, at dinner the other day. Though we are aware that H. G. is a Vegetarian, we have good reason for the belief that he is not in the habit of eating cucumbers.

Personal Intelligence.

The Two-Shilling Candidate is now in Illinois. Where he will next Take Up his Quarters is unknown.

The Long and Short of the Presidential Canvass.

LINCOLN and DOUGLAS.

SHAKY.

DARING TRANSIT ON THE PERILOUS RAIL, - - - - - Mr. Abraham Blondin De Lave Lincoln.

THE GREAT CHRISTENING.

When great events want to occur, it is needless to say that they invariably select Boston as the proper place to occur in. The Athenian city has recently been exercised in that way by the occurrence of a Great Christening. It was that of a splendid ship. She has been successfully built and launched, and her devout Athenian owner has christened her the "EDWARD EVERETT."

The modern Athenian, like the tutor in "*Tom Jones*," believes, with rigid persistency, in the eternal fitness of things. We admire him for it. It is a beautiful faith; it is the instinct of harmony; and it is most delightfully exhibited in the philosophy of the Great Christening.

Full particulars are furnished by the Boston *Courier*, which, as everybody knows, is the chosen organ and confidential minister of great events. On this occasion the organ is indeed oracular. Rising with the magnificence of the theme, and glowing with the consciousness of superior information, the pompous minister exploits his plethoric note-book and sketches us that ship, from stem to stern, from sky-pole to scupper-hole, with an accuracy and an extent of detail which fills the mind with amazement, and is quite well calculated to fill the hair with straws.

[N. B.—It may not be generally known that straws in the hair indicate Lunacy. Vide SHAKSPEARE's *Lear*, and note the condition of EDGAR. Also, think of the SEWARD men at Chicago.]

But we have read the report of the *Courier* with a very deep and fervent interest. Not that we prefer statistics to strawberries, or measurements to marmalade, but because it so pleasantly exhibits that instinct of harmony for which—as already intimated—we so much admire the Athenian.

That this "most magnificent ship of her class" aptly and admirably represents "the distinguished gentleman whose name she bears," no one can doubt for an instant, after reading this report of her cause and her qualifications. So thorough, indeed, and so remarkable is the correspondence of virtues and graces in the ship and person, that we are impelled to set forth the parallel, if only to illustrate the modern Athenian's fine appreciation of the fitness of things.

THE SHIP: (*According to the Courier.*)	"THE DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN:" (*As in Life.*)
"She is remarkable, not only for the faultless beauty of her model, but for the strength of her hull and the elegance of her cabin accommodations."	Mr. EVERETT's strength of hull is not currently supposed to be enormous. Indeed he is generally thought to be weak in the back. But the faultless beauty of his model, and the elegance of his cabin accommodations, are universally admitted, in Boston.
"She is not a clipper in sharpness of ends or rise of floor."	Here the correspondence is admirably precise. Directness of purpose in a man may very well be considered the counterpart of "sharpness of ends" in a ship. Now it is clear that the ship hasn't any "sharpness of ends;" and certainly no one ever suspected "the distinguished gentleman" of any "directness of purpose." The late THEODORE PARKER, once said a good thing about E. E., namely that the "highest instinct in his nature is the instinct of decorum." As to "rise of floor," no man who stands on the Baltimore Platform can properly be said to have that.
"She swells into the convex along the wales, and the bow spreads and flares."	The phrase "swelling into the convex" is very felicitous. It is not an inapt descriptive of the "distinguished gentleman's" oratory. Especially it is felicitous when applied to his *wails*. As everybody knows, E. E. is great on wails. Indeed it is quite impossible for any man of distinction to die, in these days, without occasioning "the distinguished gentlemau" to "swell into the convex." Perhaps it would not be too much to say that he "*spreads* and *flares*."
"Her cut-water rakes boldly forward, and terminates in an easy, graceful spring, which throws an air of lightness over the parent bow."	Here there is a slight discrepancy. The distinguished gentleman's *cut-water* does not "rake boldly forward." On the contrary it is, like everything else about him, quite classical. We object to the word "rake." It is like a sinner at a prayer-meeting.
"She does not appear heavy aft."	Here is another discrepancy. "The distinguished gentleman" often does.
"Her run is long and clean."	Here the correspondence is only partial. E. E's run has been long enough certainly; and very long when he has to do any running away; but its cleanliness is a bit doubtful. However, as the run to Salt River is immediately before "the distinguished gentleman," the correspondence will, undoubtedly, be made good very soon. For, truly, that "run" cannot well be otherwise than "long and clean."
"Her swell and sheer appear in perfect harmony with her general outline."	A perfect resemblance! The distinguished gentleman's "swell" is something enormous; while his "sheer" is admitted to be one of the biggest things of the kind extant in the present age. How sad it is that the faculty of *sheering* away from obstacles wont always bring a man to the sweet haven of Presidential security!
"Outside she is flush to the plankshеer moulding."	It is almost superfluous to suggest that "the distinguished gentleman" has never been otherwise than *flush* all his lifetime, not *to* "plankshеer moulding" indeed, but chiefly in consequence *of* it.
"The hull above water is black, and inside she is painted cream-color."	Here the reader cannot fail to notice a curious inversion. For in the case of "the distinguished gentleman," the cream-color is very thick on the *outside*, and on the *inside* is a charming mixture of cream-color and black.
"A full figure of the distinguished gentleman whose name she bears, ornaments the bow and is placed to correspond with the fore-rake."	Here the admiring Athenian has made two very grave mistakes. In the first place, the figure of the Honorable EDWARD EVERETT should never be made to "correspond with the *forerake*." It is a reflection on the orator's respectability, which is of the most "purple and fine linen" order. In the next place, we suggest, with all deference, that the only appropriate figure-head for a ship called the "EDWARD EVERETT," is a statue of BONNER, with multitudinous *Ledgers* for drapery.
"She has open air-strakes in the hold, and in the between-decks which reveal all her frame and the substance of her ceilings."	An evident and beautiful analogy, which requires no comment.
"She has a patent steering apparatus."	So has he.
"Her windlass is worthy of particular notice. In heaving up or paying out, the windlass, by the use of powerful brakes, is always under complete control. For power, strength, and compactness it is consided one of the best windlasses now in use."	*Echo.* "It is considered one of the best windlasses now in use!"

But we have pursued the parallel far enough. The Athenian instinct of harmony is sufficiently illustrated. All lands know it, and recognise it. And now the good Ship "Edward Everett" shall be a testimony even to "the vasty deep" that "the fitness of things" is well and truly appreciated in the staid old province of Boston. Gloria in excelsis! in terra! in mare! We wish her fair weather. She is bound to the Old World. May she be forever favored with those blessings which, with the great name of EDWARD EVERETT, she can not do otherwise than covet and rejoice in, smooth water and plain sailing!

A FORGET-ME-NOT.

HIGH BORN YOUTH.—*Sir, did you strike me* intentionally ?

PERSON OF LOW ESTATE.—(coldly) *Well I did.*

HIGH BORN YOUTH.—(indignant and mysterious) *Then, sir, I will remember you—should I live a thousand years——sir, I'LL remember you !*

A very proper distinction.

During the TRAIN and HOUSTON scene in Congress last week

"Mr. KEITT, (dem) of S. C., said the word "member" was a parliamentary term. The word "gentleman" does not occur in the Manual. He remembered that Mr. CALHOUN said when he was presiding officer, he never recognised any one except as a member,"

For obvious reasons.

"I see by the Churl that so gracefully Smokes."

"The Madrid Journals state that the Queen had ordered 50,000 cigars to be distributed among the troops on their arrival in the Capital."

If her Royal Highness desired the fifty thousand to keep up the shooting-match with her enemies, she could not have done a wiser thing: the old proverb tells us "There is no Smoke without Fire."

An Evident Error.

The *Herald* the other day contained the information that CLARK MILLS had an order from the Government for a colossal bronze statue of Liberty, to be placed in the Capitol dome. We can't, for the life of us, see why the item was printed under the head of "The Fine Arts."

"Honor to whom Honor."

We have been requested to state that Mr. EVERETT, of Boston, writer of the "Mount Vernon Papers," and candidate for the Vice-Presidency, is the author of the famous saying "Such is Life," so often unjustly credited to Mr. TUPPER, of London, England.

The Train that would not Back Down.

The one that HOUSTON (Ala.) had to deal with.

A WORD TO THE WEATHER.

For the information of those who have not yet heard the latest piece of news, we beg to say that it has been agreed upon by the leaders of the ton to make Wednesday and Saturday the fashionable days for the drive in the Central Park.—*Times.*

Decidedly a happy thing to know. Henceforth everybody will be capable of distinguishing Who-Is-Who from Who-Isn't-Who—the Arn't-We-Somes? from the We-Arn't-Muches. How very charming! Wednesday and Saturday sacred to the Ton; Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday given over to Messrs. TOM, DICK and HARRY, their wives, children, kinsfolk and acquaintance. To develope the idea still further, Wednesday and Saturday are to be meeting days for Champions of the Heavy Weights, and the lesser days for the Champions of the Feather Weights. This positively smacks of the essence of ecstatic refinement. Shades of PELHAM, BEAU BRUMMEL and COUNT D'ORSAY rest easy! Gentility rises to inhale the vulgar breeze of Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday! Gentility expects the Weather (that enigma to vulgar minds) to do her duty on the appointed days. She will please take notice that, until permission to the contrary be given, it will not do for her to blow, fog, sprinkle, shower, pour, thunder, or lighten on these two consecrated days of every week—seized, appropriated and owned by our Aristocracy. It must be distinctly understood that she is to play no tricks whatever on these occasions; no What-Is-It? styles of cloud will be allowed overhead; no idle winds, from the direction of Boston, are to interfere with previous arrangements; in fine, no weather on the Half-Shell will, for a single moment, be tolerated on Ton Days.

The Ton know their rights, and will stand by them. Vulgar days are, of course, as heretofore, subject to Dame Weather's whims and freaks. Not to seem too hard, let us reason a little on the question. For an instant, suppose an East wind should blow, a fog should rise, or a chilly rain set in, how perfectly frightful it would be! Would it not? Just think of the horses! (Worth $1,000.) Just think of JOHN THOMAS'S livery! (Cost $63.) Just think of the carriage! (Freshly painted and varnished for $210.) Just think of Mrs. KNEW-SHE-WOULD-BE-A-LADY, who is so delicate! And of her poor innocent little dears, who look as if a passing butterfly would dash life out of them! Oh! dear! it is absolutely appalling! If it should happen! If she or they were to die! Or if the horses were to get the heaves, or if J. T.'s suit should be spoiled, or if the new paint and varnish were completely ruined! what could be done? What would that nasty Weather have to say for herself? The wretch! The brute! Ugh! Get out! The idea is revolting! Just as though BON TON kept a wife and children, and JOHN THOMAS, and horses and a carriage for the weather to fool with! Whew! High doings—indeed! Does not BON TON generously leave the Weather five days out of seven to do whatever she pleases in? Pity, if with all his money, he cannot take an airing when he likes, without being set upon by a fickle-minded old hussey like her! If you will blow, if you will rain, if you will storm, why try it on common folks and poor people, and let well dressed nabobs alone! Take advice before it is too late; if you do not, you will be sorry for it. That is all!

The Rails Good for Something after all.

The BROOKLYN COLORED MENS' REPUBLICAN ASSOCIATION, last week,——

"Resolved. That a Committee of Five be appointed to prepare a suitable banner, bearing the portraits and names of the aforesaid candidates, to be suspended in front of the Head quarters of this Association; also to prepare a suitable chestnut tree to bear the same, out of which tree ABRAHAM LINCOLN, when elected, may be able *to split rails sufficient to fence in the White House in Washington, also the Custom House and Post Office of New York* for the purpose of protecting the public treasury from further predatory incursions of democratic office-holders."

This is truly a noble idea. If we thought the Two Shilling Candidate would agree to act upon this matter, as set forth in the above resolution, we do not know but that we should be tempted to throw the influence of our vote in his favor.

Very Natural.

Since the affair at Willett's Point we have noticed that the "fancy" of this city are of a more retiring disposition than formerly: they don't, somehow, like to Appear before Foulk so much as they did.

GERMANTOWN GRAPHICS.

DEAR V. F.—Were you ever in Germantown? Germantown is in Philadelphia, according to the Conglomeration Act. According to GUNTER, it is about eleven thousand nine hundred and seventy yards distant from the city. Germantowners say that Philadelphia is in Germantown. Take your choice! Germantown is a remarkable place; and inhabited by remarkable people. I judge the latter from their remarks, of which I propose to give you a few specimens, caught *en passant*. I also propose to touch upon the marvels of the place itself. Let us begin with the latter. The construction of Germantown is peculiar. The peculiarity consists in the fact of its being all up-hill in every direction from any point to any other point. And ditto back again. Also, in its being, like the infant game of "tit, tat, to," "all in a row." Likewise, in resembling Eternity, *i. e* having neither beginning nor end. *Especially*, no end! WASHINGTON once dwelt ubiquitous in Germantown. He resided in any house you please between CHEW's mansion and-so-forth. In fact, he rather spread himself in Germantown. Owing to the "contingencies of war." The contingencies cu'minated in a desperate conflict for a stone wall on the CHEW estate. Which resulted in the Britons being obliged to fork over the rocks. It is certain they could not chews. In Germantown, also, there have deceased a number of the "oldest family servants of General WASHINGTON, during the past ten or fifteen years. Every one was "the oldest"; every one carried the General round when a boy. Every one tended his favorite war horse. Etcetera—every one! And, probably, there are a few more left of the same sort."

There are other marvels in Germantown. Of which one is socks! Socks are a staple of Germantown. Socks are a fruit—socks are a vegetable—socks are an ornament—socks are a necessity thereof. In short, Germantown may be called the incarnation of sock-dology! In this suburban hamlet, socks seem to sprout spontaneously from every department of nature. Blue socks with white toes, hang pendant from tree-boughs, spring, blossom-like, from shrubbery;

A GERMANTOWN ORCHARD.

grow (or seem to grow) luxuriantly upon garden beds; cling, like lichen, to fences and house-sides; stand in martial rows along porticos; lie in architectural figures—figures of fact and figures of fancy—in halls, under arbors, against door posts. The Universal Actual is pervaded, filled, choked, as it were, in Germantown, with socks! The Germantown bread-and-meat is socks. Its art, science, and literature are socks. Its religion is socks. Its daily discourse and nightly vision is of socks with blue legs and white toes. And unremittingly the voice of the shuttle and loom is heard in the land! I think Germantown philosophy must be decidedly soc(k)-ratic.

Proximately I will write you further of the Wits and Wonders of Germantown.

Rurally yours,

HANS VON PUCK.

Orthodox Paradox.

Moveable Fasts.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

"FRIENDSHIP IS BUT A NAME!"

Editors of Vanity Fair—

IRRESPECTIVE SIRS:—Your talented Natural Historian has shone upon his subject with a Fresnel light—so to speak—of analytical illumination. But there is one animal that he has omitted. And, I fear, that he will continue to omit; unconscious (blissful ignorance!!) perhaps, of the existence of this animal—or, at least, of its peculiar titles to notice. Will he—and you—permit me to supply the hiatus? Thanks! The animal I allude to is popularly called—THE FRIEND.

The Friend is of exceeding antiquity. In the ages of "Fabled Heathenesse," we find the creature, surrounded with the halo of poetic exaggeration common to that transcendental period, variously known as PATROCLUS, Friend of ACHILLES; NISUS, Friend of Euryalus; PYTHIAS, Friend of Damon; &c. Later, this animal appears in the Bardic era of SHAKSPEARE, as MERCUTIO, Friend of Romeo, &c. Still mythic and unreliable, however, as to classification, or real traits of individuality; still visionary, impossible, deceptive; glorified by the exuberant fancy of the poet. In fact, even down to the present day, there is no accurate, analytic portraiture of THE FRIEND; the real live animal, as he is, and does, and makes others suffer, in the actual world. Let me then, devote myself to his immolation! THE FRIEND is of the *genus* Parasite; (class Biped.) He is found attached to the weaknesses, or vices of other bipeds, from whom he has the power to abstract various comforts, conveniences, protections, &c., while apparently rendering these services to those upon whom he has fastened. He possesses a peculiar charm, *'obi,' 'fetisch,'* or what you will, by means of which he is enabled to delude the judgments of his victims into the belief that he is a creature of inestimable value, and thus, can take the most outrageous liberties with their feelings, persons, and property, on the mere strength of his name of Friend. There is one remarkable peculiarity in this Parasite, or Friend. It is this: Two of these creatures never are found together. Of two bipeds, only one is the Friend of the other, although this Friend, to serve his purpose, always loudly proclaims the other as equally *his* Friend. And such is the spell of his name, that every biped longs to *have* a Friend, though no one is, *really* desirous to *be* the Friend of another. One may be said to be active, and the other passive, invariably.

There are many curious little traits about the Friend. Suppose one of these creatures has adapted himself to you: He immediately becomes possessed of many singular privileges, by the power of his 'fetisch.' He makes promises for you because "he is your Friend." He forfeits his engagements with you; a "Friendly liberty." He uses your horse, servant, clothes, razors, anything, when you want them yourself; "he knew he needn't ask permission of his Friend." He invites people to dine with you when you are just rejoicing at being alone; he remembers that you have 'a little of that very fine sherry left,' and brings it from the cellar himself, (you have put it away to give a sick kinsman, of course) for his—your—guests; "no ceremony between Friends, eh! JACK?" He takes you out when you want to stay in, and keeps you at home when you want to go out; "oh! just to oblige your Friend, now, old fellow!"

He sings when you are sad, and mopes when you are merry; "you don't mind me—your old Friend, you know." He makes your tailor, hatter, boot-maker,—anybody—put *you* off to hurry up *his* work;—"ah! *he* grumble; pooh! we're the best Friends in the world! I'll make it all right with *him*!"

And finally, not without example is it, that he robs you of your mistress, and makes you his first groomsman at the wedding, by adjuring, cajoling, imploring and *subterfuging* in endless ways—all in the "SACRED NAME OF FRIENDSHIP."

And if you die, and "remember him in your will;" (as you are tolerably sure to do) he mourns sincerely for you—until he has succeeded in establishing himself as another biped's best FRIEND.

I have said!

Yours conclusively,

THE MAN WHO HAS 'CUT' HIS FRIEND.

Very Dead.

Deadness is such a common attribute, that a vast number of similes are in vogue to express it. Thus we hear of things being "dead as a nit;" "dead as a door-nail;" "dead as JULIUS CÆSAR;" "dead as herrings," etc. But we propose the substitution of a new term for all these old ones. The acme of deadness has never been reached till now, and we suggest that the popular expression, henceforth, shall be "dead as the Union and Constitution Nomination."

The proper place for Justice.

As far above Aldermanic dealings as the dome will permit.

THE GIANT BABY.

J. B. AS AN INFANT. FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF P. T BARNUM, ESQ.

VANTILE BUCK, the infant giant of Washington, now exhibiting at the White House, is the most astonishing human curiosity ever introduced to the public, being only seven hundred years old, and measuring a quarter of a mile around the chest. He is cheerful, though not inclined to gamesome hilarity, and has nothing repulsive in his appearance, notwithstanding his ponderous corpulence, unrivalled, as yet, by any opposition Fat Boy in the world.

The story that BUCK accumulated his fat by feeding on the sly, from the public trough, is indignantly denied by Mr. BENNETT, one of his principal exhibitors, but the question, "then how in thunder did he get so fat?" remains unanswered. He will remain on exhibition until the fourth of March, 1861, when he will be withdrawn from public life forever. He has been the victim of great persecution, and a bard once wrote the following apology for him:

Who looks upon this wonderful monstrosity—
This piece of plump and playful ponderosity—
Should bear within his heart no animosity.

Remember that he once possessed ability,
And, for his size, evinces much humility,
So treat our baby J. B. with civility.

Even this manly and tender expression was not respected; another bard, inimical to the Giant Baby, imitated it in a base parody, beginning:

This fossil infant of remote antiquity
Whose course and glance are marked by strange obliquity,
Is up to every possible iniquity!

This libellous and improper assault was repelled by the first bard, who composed an ode containing the celebrated conplet:

Immortal Infant, come and take my hat;
You'll vanquish all your foes in spite of fat!

—a rhyme that created much excitement at the time, on account of the last word being supposed, by some, to have originally been written "fate." BUCK, however, has not vanquished all his foes as yet, though he certainly seems able enough to crush them, if he should ever come down on them.

The public must beware of opposition Giant Babies, who try to palm themselves off for the Original, but who do not constitute, as he does, a fine amusing and instructive moral spectacle. It is intended, we believe, to exhibit the Little Giant of Illinois, when BUCK is withdrawn, but we doubt if the L. G. will make half as much of an exhibition of himself as the present incumbent.

Republican Motto for the White House.

After Tupper.

ABE in the House is a well-spring of pleasure.

The Hanlon of the Arena of Journalism.

No one would ever believe, without ocular demonstration, the astounding acrobatic feats of the "chiel who taks notes," (and gives change) on the corner of Fulton and Nassau Streets. His transformations would, indeed, be incredible, did they not furnish in themselves, perpetually renewed precedents. We all remember his early affection and subsequent treatment of the renowned Tumbling and Juggling Luminary (now so near extinction) at the White House.

We remember how, standing on his head, he long endeavoured to put out that luminary by clapping on an extinguisher; and now with incomparable grace, he turned a double somersault and was clasped to the luminary's breast.

Giving due weight to these reminiscences, as well as J. G. B. credit for his historical affinities for truth and candor, we should not be surprised to find him in the long run ever *lying in Abraham's bosom.*

A "Ten" Strike.

We must confess that we can't quite see the use of taking a horse to England for the purpose of having him come in Eleventh, as the American horse UMPIRE did at the late Derby Races. If this sort of thing continues, we fear that Mr. JOHN BROECK will become Mr. DEAD BROECK very speedily.

In Extremis.

Mr. EDWARD EVERETT has, we see, formally accepted the nomination of the Baltimore Union Party for the Vice-Presidency. Mr. EVERETT has been for a long time out of the field of active politics; by this it would appear that he wishes to Get his Hand In. He will find, though, before the campaign is over that he has Put his Foot In It.

The Speech of the Hereafter.

Now that Mr. SEWARD has been so cavalierly set out in the cold by the GREELEY tribe, at Chicago, no sane speech-maker will ever make use of the well-worn phrase, "the ingratitude of Republics," when he has a so much more forcible expression at hand as the "ingratitude of Republicans."

A Case of Real Distress.

The cruelty of the Black Republicans calls for the establishment of a Political Humane Society, in our midst. Unable to carry their candidate into the White House by the regular means, they are determined to Ride him in on a Rail.

Something Settled Madness.

The Physicians attached to the Embassy tell us that there are no idiots in Japan. By way of a change, if the Japs are desirous of any, we can recommend Mr. THADDEUS HYATT, at present of Washington Jail.

Easily Explained.

One reason why the Eastern Embassy take such an interest in the ladies at Washington, is the unfortunate one of their having no females in Japan, all its inhabitants being Japanese!

A Small piece of Business.

We are pained to observe the small size of the Scales held by the neglected figure on the City Hall Dome. Every one is aware that a much heavier Balance is due to Justice in that locality.

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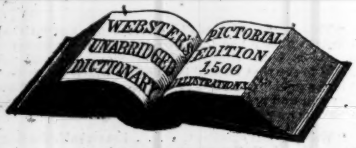

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At 5 P. M., via Camden and Amboy, Accommodation—Freight and Passenger, 1st Class Ticket,	2 25
2d Class Ticket	1 50

The 6 P. M. Mail Line runs daily. The 11 P. M. Southern Mail, Saturdays excepted.

THROUGH LINES FROM NEW YORK.

LEAVE PIER NO. 1 NORTH RIVER.

At 6 A. M., via Amboy and Camden, C. & A. Ac.	$2 25
At 2 P. M., via Amboy and Camden, C. & A. Ex.	3 00
At 1 P. M., via Amboy and Camden, Ac., 1st class	2 25
Do. do. do. do.	1 75
At 5 P. M., via Amboy and Camden, Ac., 1st class	2 50
Do. do. do. do. 2d class	1 75

LEAVE FROM FOOT OF COURTLAND STREET.

At 7 A. M., via Jersey City & Camden, W. & S. Ex.	3 00
At 9 A. M., via Jersey City & Camden, Morn. Mail.	3 00
At 11 A. M., via Jersey City & Tacony, Express	3 00
At 11 A. M., via Jersey City & Tacony, 2d class	2 25
At 12 M., via Jersey City and Camden, N. J. Ac.	2 25
At 4 P. M., via Jersey City & Tacony, Express	3 00
At 6 P. M., via Jersey City & Camden, Mail,	3 00

The 6 P. M. Mail Line runs daily, all others Sundays excepted.

Fifty pounds of baggage only, allowed each Passenger. Passengers are prohibited from taking anything as baggage but their wearing apparel. All baggage over fifty pounds to be paid for extra. The Company limit their responsibility for baggage to One Dollar per pound, and will not be liable for any amount beyond $100, except by special contract.

ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO

A NEW-YORK PAPER,

FREE OF CHARGE.

I am manufacturing a new and very superior article of SOAP, which I wish to introduce direct to consumers, in the following manner, viz: To any person who will order one box of the above Soap, I will send either of the following papers one year, viz:

VANITY FAIR,	The Christian Advocate and
The Weekly Tribune,	Journal,
The Weekly Day Book,	The Scottish American Journal,
The Weekly Times,	Marie Louise Hankins & Co's
The Weekly Sun,	Gazette,
The Century,	United States Journal,
The Independent,	Agriculturist,

Or, if preferred, I will send the Semi-Weekly Tribune six months, or the Daily Tribune two months.

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